
Title: Daemonism - Volume II, Part One

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In Volume I (if you
have not read it I
highly suggest going
back to it first) I spoke
last of the Daemons
living within the
Dungeon of Hythloth.
These beast have been
givin an open doorway
to our world by some
form of dark magic I
dare not speak of
here, as I am sure it is
best left untold to the
world. These
creatures apear in
this area with free
will, not bound to
orders or commands,
and they freely kill
any who dare step into
their domain upon this
world.
What I shall do within
this volume is take
you into Hythloth, tell
you of my travels
within the dark halls,
and hope to give some
insight on the Daemon,
and possible some new
questions.

When I arrived within
the Dungeon I could
still feel the moist air
from the above
jungles. Within but a
few steps down the
hall however, this
moisture was replaced
with the heat of hell
fire. I knew what
this heat was, buit let
me explain to you now
so that you know as
well.

As I opened the large metal door, I was greeted with the fierce growl of a hound. This hound was unlike any other upon our world however. Its coat was of fire and its eyes a bead of yellow light. The horror of such beast is that you know what comes next shall be pain, but often enough one can slay them with ease with a good trained sword arm or spell. What is more horrific however, is the unknown to the common. Hell hounds are beast of the Abyss, much like the Daemon. These hounds of flame are in fact called the pets of the Daemon. Wherever you find such a beast you shall often find a Daemon within the same area. In this case, the Daemons use these packs of Hell Hounds to guard the upper levels of the Dungeon. Daemons summon these beast in great numbers in order to insure the visitor's death. Sometimes this works, sometimes it does not. In my case, I survived along with my companion and friend Esa Stewart. We fought the packs of hounds for hours it seemed, as they continued to rush down hidden corners and dark hallways. Finally, just as we were about to enter the second level of the dungeon, we stopped to rest. Esa was

standing just a few
feet away from me
and I was summoning
a Daemon to help us get
through the next
level.

Suddenly we heard
cries of death come
down the hallway we
had just passed
through a short while
ago. Without any time
to prepare, a pack of
fifteen or so hounds
came rushing down
after us. Esa had no
time to even pull out
her kryss before
they rushed around
her, jumping,
breathing flames, and
clawing at her flesh.
The daemon quickly
responded to my
commands and began to
beat the hell hounds
off of her, knocking
them every which way
with his huge fist.
Sadly...Esa fell.
Then I watched as
they all turned and
began to attack the
daemon. He fought
with the hounds
wildly. Pulling them
off him as they
jumped up, casting
spells, trying
everything to keep
them away from me.
At last, the Daemon
fell as well, and what
was left of the
hounds came rushing
after me. I spoke
quickly the words to
the spell I had
prepared. Suddenly
the spell cast as burst
of firing rock
swarmed down upon
the beasts, killing
them all. (Cont.)